THE BLIND BOY.

POETRY BY

MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

The Music Composed and most cordially dedicated to

MRS. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON.

(OF PHILADELPHIA) BY

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

J. H. Buffords Lith

BOSTON

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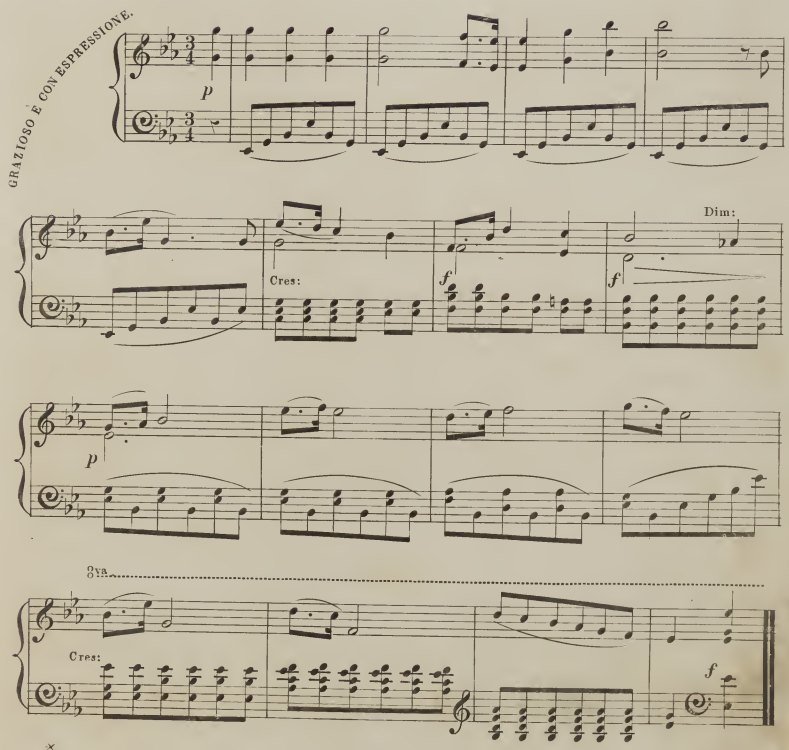
Written by Miss H. F. GOULD.

Music by W. R. DEMPSTER.



* The Poetry of this song is altered from the original, and published by permission of the Author.

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air, That tos--ses so

p

gen-tly the curls of my hair! It breathes on my lip, and it

Cres

pp

Rall un poco.

a tempo.

fans my warm cheek, Yet gives me no an--swer, though oft--en I

Colla voce.

Cres.

f

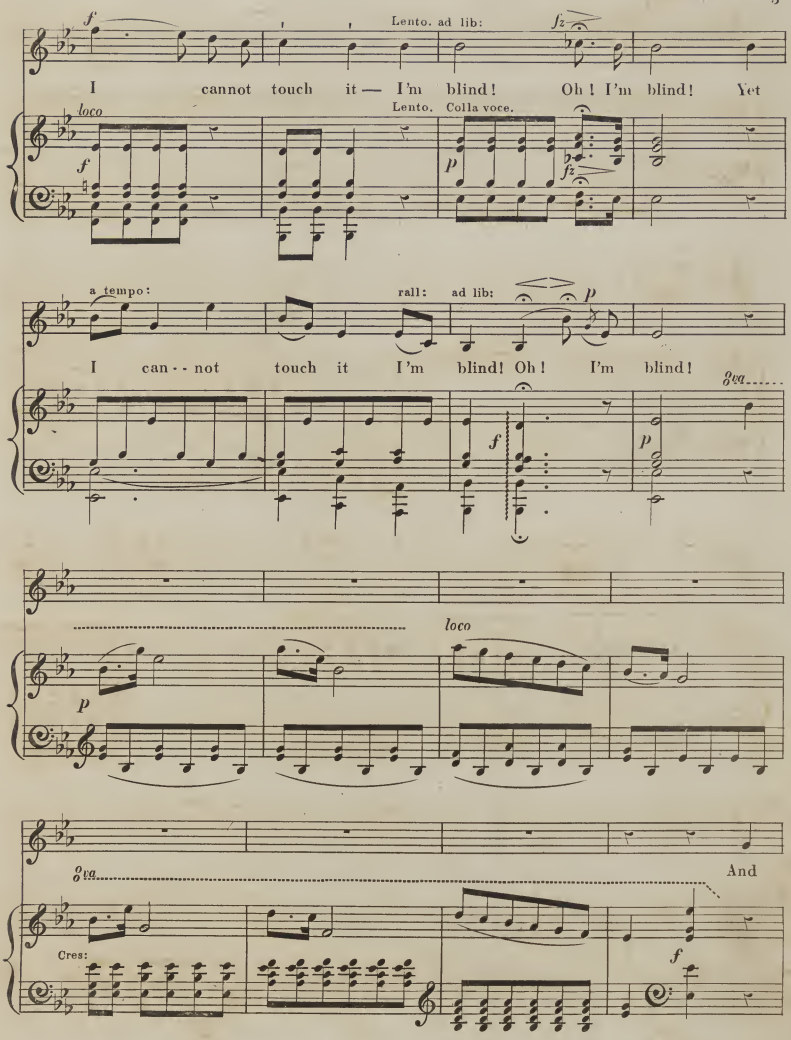
p

speak. I feel it play o'er me re--fresh-ing and kind, Yet

8va

Leggiero.

f


f
Lento. ad lib:
fz
I cannot touch it — I'm blind! Oh! I'm blind! Yet
loco
f
Lento. Colla voce.
p
fz
a tempo:
rall:
ad lib:
p
I can - - not touch it I'm blind! Oh! I'm blind!
8va
f
p
loco
p
8va
And
Cres:
f

mu - - sic. what is it! and where does it dwell! I sink, and I

loco

Cres. *f* *p*

mount with its cadence and swell; While touch'd to my heart with its

Cres. *f* *p*

Cres.

deep thril - ling strain, Till pleasure, till pleasure is turn - ing to

Cres. *f*

pain. What brightness of hue is with mu - - sic com - bined! Will

tr 8va *f*

f Lento. ad lib: p a tempo.

a - ny one tell me? I'm blind Oh! I'm blind! Will a - ny one

loco. Lento. colla voce. f p a tempo.

Rall: p

tell me I'm blind, Oh! I'm blind!

8va f p

loco. 8va

cresc: f

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The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh
What are they? On what kind of wings do they fly?
Are not they sweet angels who come to delight
A poor little boy, that knows not of sight?
The sun, moon, and stars are to me undefined.
Oh! tell me what light is, I'm blind! Oh! I'm blind!